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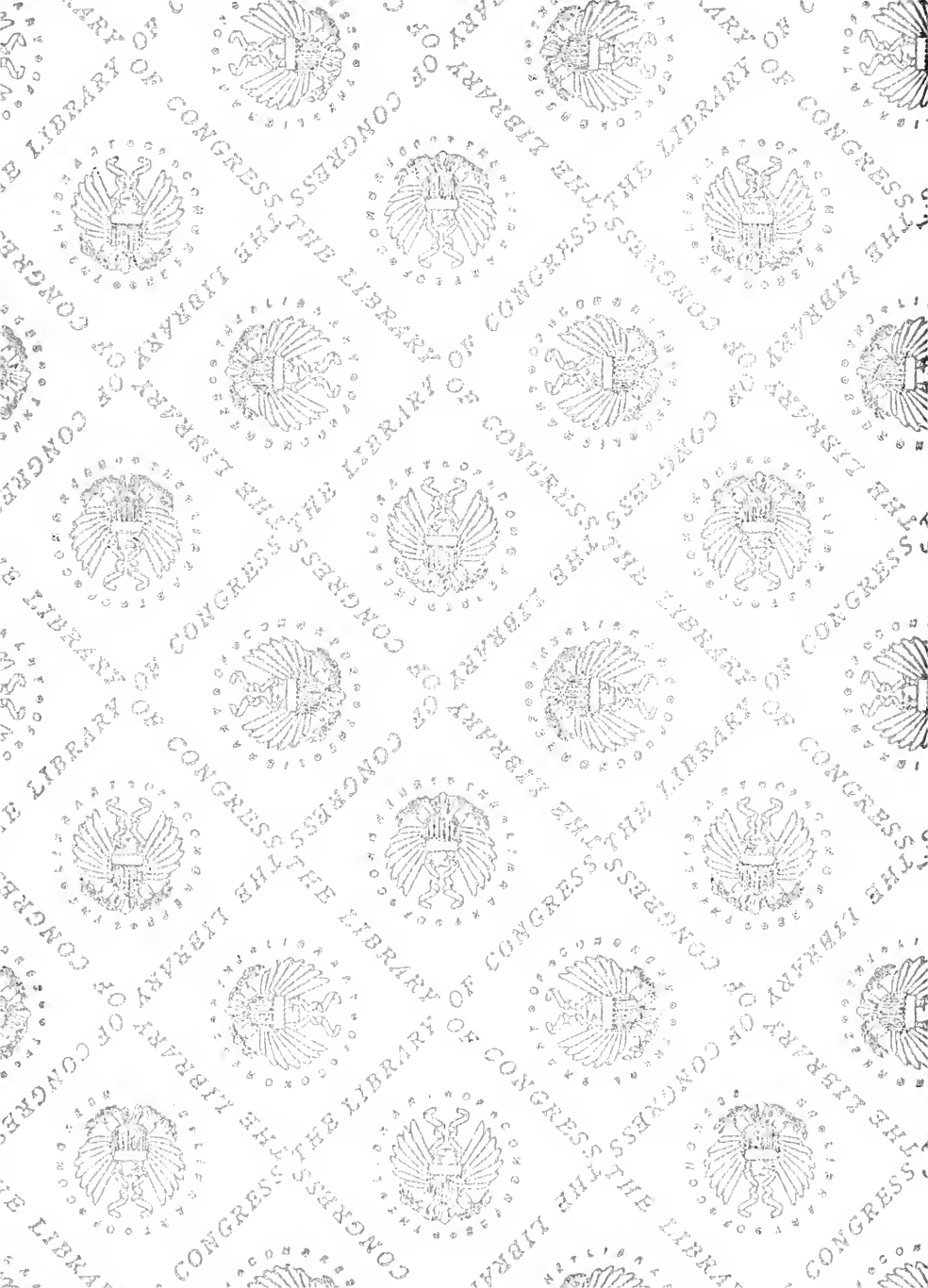
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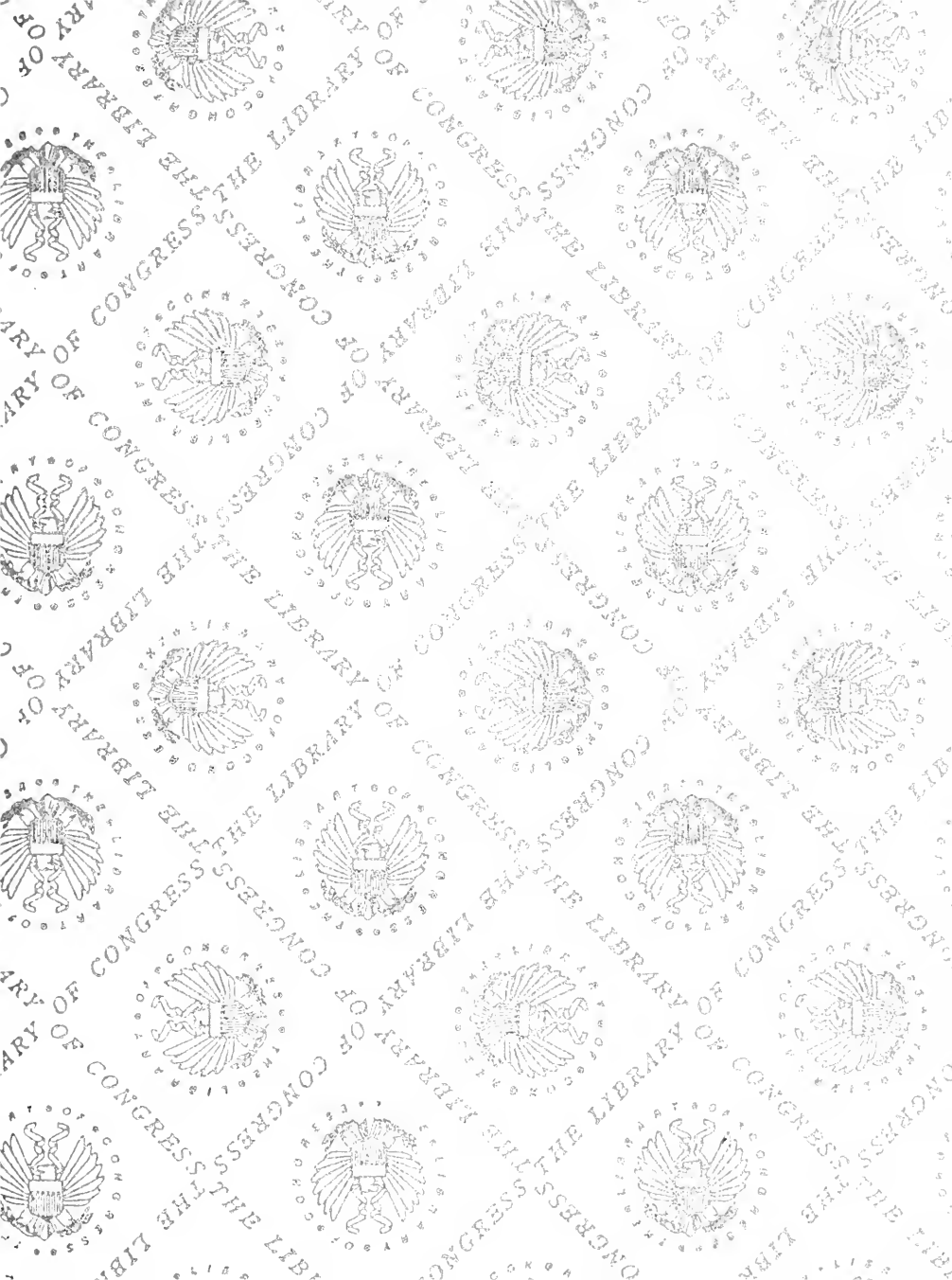
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Military Order of the Loyal Legion of the United States

COMMANDERY OF THE STATE OF PENNSYLVANIA

Lincoln Birthday Celebration

American Academy of Music



FEBRUARY 12TH 1909

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COLUMBIA, THE GEM OF THE OCEAN.

Key of D.

Columbia, the gem of the ocean,
The home of the brave and the free,
The shrine of each patriot's devotion,
A world offers homage to thee;
Thy mandates make heroes assemble,
When liberty's form stands in view,
Thy banners make tyranny tremble,
When borne by the Red, White and Blue.

Chorus.—When borne by the Red, White and Blue,
When borne by the Red, White and Blue;
Thy banners make tyranny tremble,
When borne by the Red, White and Blue.

When war waged its wide desolation,
And threatened our land to deform,
The ark, then, of freedom's foundation,—
Columbia,—rode safe through the storm
With the garlands of victory o'er her,
How proudly she bore her bold crew,—
With her flag proudly floating before her,—
The boast of the Red, White and Blue.

Chorus.—The boast of the Red, White, and Blue, *etc.*

The wine-cup, the wine-cup bring hither,
And fill you it up to the brim,
May the memory of Washington ne'er wither,
Nor a star of his glory grow dim;
May the service, united, ne'er sever,
But may each to his country prove true,
The Army and Navy forever,—
Three cheers for the Red, White, and Blue.

Chorus.—Three cheers for the Red, White, and Blue, *etc.*

C 11

BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC.

Key of C.

Mine eyes have seen the coming of the glory of the Lord;
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored;
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of His terrible swift sword;
His truth is marching on,

Chorus.—Glory, glory hallelujah!
Glory, glory hallelujah!
Glory, glory hallelujah!
His truth is marching on.

I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling camps;
They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews and damps;
I can read his righteous sentence by their dim and flaring lamps;
His day is marching on,

Chorus.—Glory, glory hallelujah!
Glory, glory hallelujah!
Glory, glory hallelujah!
His day is marching on.

I have read a fiery gospel, writ in burnished rows of steel;
"As ye deal with my contemnners, so with you my grace shall deal;"
Let the Hero, born of woman, crush the serpent with his heel,
Since God is marching on,

Chorus.—Glory, glory hallelujah!
Glory, glory hallelujah!
Glory, glory hallelujah!
Since God is marching on.

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment seat.
O, be swift my soul to answer Him! be jubilant my feet!
For God is marching on,

Chorus.—Glory, glory hallelujah!
Glory, glory hallelujah!
Glory, glory hallelujah!
For God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me;
As He died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,
While God is marching on,

Chorus.—Glory, glory hallelujah!
Glory, glory hallelujah!
Glory, glory hallelujah!
While God is marching on.

AMERICA.

Key of C.

My country, 't is of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
 Of thee I sing!
Land where our fathers died,
Land of the pilgrim's pride,
From every mountain side
 Let freedom ring.

My native country, thee—
Land of the noble, free,
 Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods, and templed hills,
My heart with rapture thrills,
 Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
 Sweet freedom's song;
Let mortal tongues awake,
Let all that breathe partake,
Let rocks their silence break,
 The sound prolong.

Our father's God, to Thee,
Author of liberty,
 To Thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by Thy might,
 Great God, our King.

